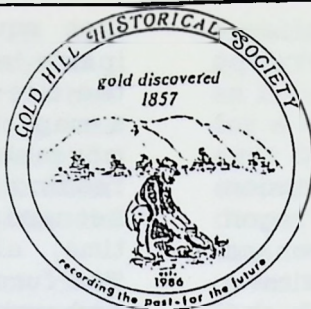


Nuggets of News



P.O. Box 26
Gold Hill, Ore. 97525

504 First Avenue
(503) 855-1182

March, 1994



Ribbon cutting January 8, 1994.

Left to right: GHHS Secretary Ted Wharton, SOHS Executive Director, Sam Wegner, County Commissioner Ric Holt, GHHS President Marge Martin, Gold Hill Mayor Mike Stanley, GH Chief of Police Katie Holmboe, Keynote speaker and SOHS Oral Historian, Marjorie Edens.

GRAND OPENING

After working so hard and looking forward to it for so long, January 8, 1994, the day for our GRAND OPENING finally arrived with one of our few rain storms for the season. With the rain needed so desperately, no one would dare complain. We just moved the ribbon cutting inside to the main display room! Our grand opening was well attended, and our new museum has been well received by all who have visited.

We have now returned to our regular schedule of operation, thanks to our volunteers who staff the museum for us. We are once again open from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., Tuesday through Sunday. Attendance has been very high, thanks in part to the excellent article in the Medford Mail Tribune by Cleve Twichell on February 5, 1994.

OFFICERS FOR 1994

Nomination of officers for the new year took place at the January 19, 1994 meeting. It was elected to have current members continue for another term, and at the February 16, 1994 meeting Delos Walker was appointed to be the fifth member of the Executive Board. This was done in conjunction with the change of wording in the By-Laws, which allows for this eventuality when the past President is a current office holder in the present term and therefore would reduce the Executive Board to four members without this contingency.

FLEA MARKET

The Gold Hill Grange Women's Auxiliary is holding a Flea Market on Saturday, March 26, 1994 from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. in the Gold Hill Grange. Gold Hill Historical Society has rented a table and will have some of our items for sale there. It should be great fun and a good chance for some fellowship with our neighbors. Please join us if you can.

DOLL RAFFLE

Ticket sales continue for our beautiful porcelain "Kelly". The doll will be given away to the lucky winner of a drawing to be held during Gold Dust Days festivities. Gold Dust Days parade and festivities are usually the first Saturday of June, which would make it June 4th this year. Be sure to get your ticket(s).

LOOKOUT LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

by Ada Andrews

Spring 1932, the Depression was at its worst. Southern Oregon was particularly hard hit. Leonard and I were young marrieds with a four year old son, Alan. No job and no prospects. Things looked pretty bleak. When a neighbor who worked for the forest service suggested there might be an opening there, Leonard applied, and wonder of wonders, was hired to man a lookout.

We could hardly wait to see our "Summer Home" which was on top of Wagner Butte, a seven thousand plus foot mountain. The only way to get there was either on foot or horseback.

Leaving Alan with his Grandma we drove to Wagner Gap and with the forest service guard and his wife, we started up the switch-back trail. It was the longest three miles I'd ever walked, and I was to walk it many times in the next two summers. After about two hours we puffed our way above the timber line and saw our future home perched on a rocky peak at the North end of a bare ridge. From the foot of the promontory we climbed from one huge rock to another until we were finally level with the house.

We were on top of the world and the view was breath-taking! To the north east we could see Mt. McLaughlin and the snowy peaks surrounding Crater Lake. At closer range, the Rogue Valley and Mt. Ashland. Then Dutchman peak to the south west. Both mountains with forest lookouts, and about the same height as Wagner Butte. The cities of Medford and Ashland were north and north east. To the west, the Applegate valley, plus hills and valleys too numerous to mention. The view was so exciting, I nearly forgot my fear of heights.

We removed the window shutters, unlocked the door and checked the inside of the house. It was fourteen feet square with windows on all four sides and a six

foot square cupola reached by an inside ladder. This cupola contained the fire-finder, a table covered with a map of the area. Attached was a moveable cross-arm for taking readings on fires. This was where Leonard would spend most of his time, always watching for smokes. The furniture consisted of one double bed with "rope" springs, an oil stove for cooking and a small wood stove for heat, a little cupboard with a work counter top and a small table. All situated below eye level, of course. Nothing must block the view, or we might miss seeing a smoke. The bare floor boasted a three foot square of badly worn linoleum and a trap door to the cellar - a rough, rock walled hole under the house. Our yard was a few square feet of rock and sawdust surrounded by cliffs on three sides. The thought of our four year old living here almost panicked me. About the middle of June fire season started and we were transported by pack mules, along with our absolute necessities and a month's supply of groceries, to our home on the lookout. I made a little harness for Alan and tied it with a rope to a guy wire so he couldn't fall off the cliff. Not a very pleasant situation for a child, but he had always been good at entertaining himself, two sticks of wood, a hammer and nail and he soon had a toy aeroplane.

After we'd been there about a month, the forest service pack mules brought our next month's supply of food which we were able to order from a grocery store in Jacksonville. They also brought pre-cut pipe and a single jack which Leonard used to build a railing along the south edge of the cliff. This helped ease our fears for Alan's safety.

Sanitary facilities were one wooden box with a hole cut in the bottom, turned upside down and located behind a rock promontory about thirty feet from the house. No walls, no door, no roof, no nothing!

When it was time for another load of supplies, the ranger phoned to say they were sending us a new toilet. It would be pre-cut lumber.

What would we need to put it up? Leonard said he had everything except shingle nails. O.K., when the longed-for item arrived, it was almost identical to the one we had. Still just a seat with an oval hole. Only this one had a neat little lid hinged to the back!

Water, or rather the lack of it was probably our biggest problem. The spring was half a mile away by trail. Each evening, every lookout called in at his designated time, then strapped the six gallon can on his back and went for water. I soon learned to wash dishes in a minimum amount of water. We had one other source, a large snow bank north of the house. This could be used for washing clothes but wasn't clean enough for cooking or drinking. We built a crude fireplace of rocks, set the wash boiler on top and filled it with snow. Presto! Water for laundry. A washboard and a bar of soap completed the equipment. By August the snow bank was gone, so it was back to water from the distant spring only. Baths were another challenge. A wash basin of warm water and a small towel for a washcloth was the best answer we could come up with. After the bath we used the water to mop the floor.

Our mail was brought in by R.F.D. to Wagner Gap. Huey Combest, the fire guard, would phone us if we had any mail and Leonard would walk down after dark - three long steep miles, and pack it up the mountain. Also fresh vegetables from Huey's garden. These were a real treat for us since our diet was mostly canned and dried foods. Bacon, eggs, potatoes, things that didn't need refrigeration. Once that summer the pack mules were being used at a fire and we didn't get our supplies for over forty days. We were down to potatoes, onions, eggs and canned milk. The little cellar under the house was a good place to keep supplies - until the pack rats and porcupines discovered them. They even ate a hole in the wood part of my washboard.

Wildlife was plentiful,

especially the chipmunks and ground squirrels. They quickly accepted us as neighbors and came every morning for a hand-out, usually pancakes left over from breakfast. Soon they were eating from our hands and Alan dearly loved to feed them. One warm day we were inside with the door open and a young chipmunk came in looking for food. We stayed quiet so as not to frighten him while he explored the floor carefully. Suddenly he realized where he was, panicked and couldn't find the doorway. He ran onto the linoleum square and his little feet spun like wheels on ice! We were afraid he would have a heart attack before he finally got out.

There were also lots of deer to watch and sometimes a bear or coyote. Birds, grouse, quail, jays, juncos, wrens and many others.

The mountain above the timber line was something like the desert in spring. Many varieties of wild flowers; alpine phlox, in pink or blue patches, blue-purple penstemon, wild aster and horse mint, to name a few. Several varieties of sage were scattered over the ridge, some with blue blossoms, some yellow. Buck brush, manzanita and a few dwarfed evergreen trees made the landscape interesting and beautiful in a rugged way.

We had frequent visitors that summer. More than two hundred people signed the guest register. We always saw them coming long before they arrived. That last half mile of steep trail above the timber line took a lot longer than one expected. By that time most were getting pretty winded and we sat and watched them struggle. By the time they reached the house, they barely had breath to say "Hello". Leonard's sister, Mildred, and a friend came up to visit one Sunday. They discovered our outdoor toilet and took snap shots of each other sitting on it (fully clothed, that is).

Another day a wiry, little woman came up looking for a particular kind of penstemon. When she described it to me, I remembered seeing some not too far from the

house. We found them, but it was too early to get seeds so she took some photos of them and asked me to collect some seeds when they were ready. She called herself a "Landscape Architect". She had a business in California and made these trips into the hills to find unusual plants for her clients.

One visitor, however, didn't come in, although for a while we were afraid he might. A young man flying a private plane headed straight for the lookout. We got outside and held onto the railing, watching as he made a tight turn around the cupola - just a few feet over our heads. Leonard was really mad. He knew who it was and called the Medford Airport to report him. We never found out what happened to him, but he never did it again.

Our next encounter with a plane was with a Ford tri-motor. The regular air route to the south was over Wagner Gap and across the Siskiyou. One of the things lookout men had to learn was signaling with a mirror. This was used to get cross-readings to correct the setting on the fire-finder, or sometimes to signal another lookout if one's telephone was out of order. Leonard was practicing signaling to one of the other lookouts when this plane was on its way to San Francisco. The pilot happened to be alone that day, saw the flash and made a sharp left turn, flying directly over us. He tossed out a bundle of magazines held together with a rubber band. Reading material! Wow! What a treat! Even though I had to climb all over that rock pile picking up loose pages, I never did find all of any one magazine but we were happy to get what we did.

Another visitor, a young navy pilot, hiked up one day. We had a nice visit and he promised to say "hello" the next time he flew past. He did and once again we saw a small plane headed for our lookout. Again we went outside and watched him do a tight turn around the cupola. By this time we weren't alarmed, though we half expected him to hang a wheel on the roof. He just waved happily

and flew off.

Our most frightening experience happened during our second summer on Wagner Butte. That year we had our dog, Bud, with us. Our telephone system was like the old party lines that farmers used to have. You turned a crank to ring and everyone on the line could, and usually did, listen in. There was a one-by-six board about two feet long mounted above the window over the table. On it were glass fuses mounted on porcelain blocks. I'm not sure just what they were for, but they were a vital part of the telephone set up. We also had a line to the commercial system in Ashland. One afternoon a violent thunder storm came through, lots of lightening, cloud to cloud, and cloud to ground. Leonard was kept busy at the fire-finder in the cupola taking readings on the strikes and reporting them to the ranger station. This went on for several hours. It was well after dark when the storm seemed to have moved out of our area and we decided we had time to eat supper. I put the kettle of beans on the table, Leonard started down the ladder and WHAM! The fuse blocks broke sending one chunk across the room with force enough to dent the door. A box of matches on the shelf took fire. The glass fuses exploded sending bits of glass in our supper. Alan was crying, the dog was howling, and we were shaking. But no one was hurt. After the mess was cleaned up, Leonard tried to call the ranger station, but the telephone wouldn't ring. Lightening had struck the wires leading into the house. Luckily it had only hurt the telephone. After a while one of the Ashland operators came on the line and Leonard asked her to call the station and tell them what happened. No calls could be made either to or from us. It was several days before they got another telephone to us. We had a few days vacation of sorts.

By September it was getting quite cold at our elevation. We had a good supply of pitch kindling for a quick fire. One cold morning we awoke to a bitter cold room. Through

the window we could see the guy wires encased in ice two inches thick. Alan and I stayed in bed while Leonard used the pitch to start a quick fire. Almost at once the room filled with choking smoke. We got outside and nearly froze waiting for the smoke to clear.

By the first of October, we were having many days above the fog. It filled the valleys leaving only the highest peaks sticking out. It looked like a huge lake of soap suds, with Mt. Ashland and Dutchman peak floating like small islands. By mid-October, the "lookouts" were usually taken down from the highest peaks. Sometimes put on lower stations until the fire danger was past. We were always glad to get back to the comforts and conveniences of civilization.

That was more than sixty years ago. Now there are only three National Forest Service lookouts in use in this area today. Wagner Butte station was torn down several years ago. Mt. Ashland is now a ski resort and Dutchman Peak, an endangered species, is being considered for extinction. And so it goes.

1994 CALENDARS

Our Gold Mine Calendars for 1994 are selling well, but we still have quite a few left. We ordered an extra hundred this year since we ran out of 1993 calendars. Even though we are well into 1994, the rich mining history of the area contained in this calendar makes it an exceptional buy for \$7.00. Be sure to stop by the museum and take a look at it.

MORE NEWS FROM ENGLAND

New Years Day, 1994

Hello to Everyone--

I've got more news from merry old England. I wish all who dream of seeing other lands could experience

this rich corner of the planet. I was told before I (we) embarked on this journey by Jim Fety of Rogue River (who was an exchange teacher here last year) that it would change my life. Indeed, it has.

Already - since August - we have added 11,000 miles to our already exhausted station wagon (now it has 121,000 miles on the original engine). We have seen some of England, Scotland, and Wales. We have met interesting and varied people, explored ancient wonders, taken 17 rolls of film, visited marvelous castles and museums, attended two musicals in London, stayed for 5 nights in a former 17th century abbey, and taken many walks along the Cornwall (Cornish) coast. If I were to go into detail on all of this, a book would materialize, so I'll just hit the highlights.

We sit here in relative isolation - a speck of civilization on the Atlantic Coast. It's a rugged coast, reminiscent of the Oregon coast, without the trees. The winds here are similar, though perhaps more frequent intense storms (this year anyway). A fierce storm hit us three weeks ago - winds up to 80 MPH. In storms like that - with no trees for protection - the human feels pretty meek. That storm battered this windswept region for three days. Electric power failed. Schools were closed for a day. Like Jim Fety said - It's changing my life because I walk to work (15 minutes) every day - in merciless storms or mild weather. The mild weather is infrequent because the wind and/or rain persists 50% of the time. What I'm trying to say is - you'll know I've changed when I return. I'm the guy who is leaning 45 degrees to the right as he walks.

The Cornish Coast. Yes it's rough. And such places breed strong Cornishmen and Cornishwomen. You'll see them out in the wind and rain walking. They love to walk. They walk the moors. They walk the beaches. They walk the headlands. They walk their dogs. They love dogs. (They love cats too, but I'm not sure why. But

let's not get off track here). Dogs are everywhere. But, dogs are always with their owners. They treat them well. The British love animals. The only problem with so many dogs is that they leave canine excrement everywhere. There are little signs which read "It is unlawful to allow your dog to foul..." the sidewalk. They've got interesting kinds of dogs here and there are no pit bulls (at least I haven't seen any).

I'm afraid I rambled a bit in the previous paragraph. I meant to say a bit more about the people here. They also surf here. As I understand it, some Australians "found" this area and came here to surf. It caught on. Occasionally, you see them surf in the winter. In parts of Cornwall, there are mines and over the last 200 years, Cornish miners have made a world-wide name for themselves. Famous statement: (paraphrased) At the bottom of any hard-to-engineer mine in the world you'll find a Cornishman. And the fishermen. The seas are rough so much that the fishermen must be excellent seamen as well or they'll be sharks' dinner. Over the past 500 years there have been hundreds of shipwrecks along this coast.

I must tell you about the wreckers, murderous men who lured sailing ships to shore at night with the use of lights. The ships would crash on the rocks. The Wreckers would murder the crew, rob the ship and bring the loot overland and sell it whenever and wherever they could. If you enjoy reading books (or if you don't and you want to get hooked on a book) read "Jamaica Inn" by Daphne DuMaurier, a Cornish author. Its about the life of a girl who gets involved with wreckers. Give the book 60 minutes of your time and you'll be hooked. It will give you a feel for the atmosphere in Cornwall in 1830 (give or take 50 years). And when I come back, I'll show you a picture of Jamaica Inn.

The British Isles = Scotland, England, Wales, Ireland and Northern Ireland. Great Britain = Scotland, England, Wales and Northern Ireland. Britain = same as

Great Britain. United Kingdom = same as Great Britain. Politically, Ireland is a nation. Great Britain is a nation. But, somebody from Wales would want you to call them Welsh, not British. Somebody from Scotland is a Scot (or Scottish), not British.

There is deep pride in one's heritage, customs, original languages, etc. in this part of the world.

Ever since 1776, the world has watched America - sometimes with envy, sometimes with scorn, but always with eyes and curiosity. We must still be doing many things right as would-be immigrants still dream of being welcomed with open arms. Because of the curiosity about our young country, the British know far more about us than we do about them. Unfortunately, what they know of us is often learned from British newspapers which - like ours - sell more newspapers when the news is shocking or negative. As an example, we are viewed as a very violent society. In a recent edition of the London Times, I read an article about Clinton's efforts to push gun control. The last paragraph in the article read: "Americans own 200,000,000 guns. Even if they were all handed in it is difficult to see how the law can deal with a more fundamental problem: the great American zest for killing each other by any means." By the way, the headline read "License to Slaughter". In my class on the first day of school, a student asked, "How many murders do you have each week in Gold Hill?" My response was simply, "As many as you have in Bude".

Opinions are shaped also by the television. England imports many situation comedies from America. In my opinion, they have imported programs with quite neurotic characters, or eccentric at the least.

Also, many here who have traveled to America have gone only to the East Coast - especially Orlando. Can you imagine stereotyping America by visiting Orlando?

So, many of the stereotypes are negative. But Americans are also viewed as being generous, friendly

and hard working. And deservedly so.

At school, I still admire the type of teaching here. But I am not very comfortable with it. I guess I am impatient. I hope I will learn enough here to bring it back and accurately present it to anyone who wants to learn about it. However, I am coming to the conclusion that you can design the finest education "system" possible. But it won't work if you don't have students who come from homes where learning is valued. I know this is a concern in many parts of America. It's a concern in England as well. But of course, it doesn't mean we as educators shouldn't continue to search for the keys to effectively teach our ever-changing societies.

Here is an account of our Christmas trip (4 days). We drove 7 hours to central eastern England to a village near the North Sea. We rented a flat in a former 17th century abbey. Many secret meetings were held in the attic of this place during the eras when catholicism was banned. We visited York, noted for Yorkminster, an incredible cathedral - the largest Gothic cathedral in western Europe. It was built in the 1200's. It stands on the foundation of a Roman fort. We visited a museum there which exhibited artifacts of Vikings when they occupied this town in the 800's.

We visited Lincoln, which possesses a Roman arch dating back to A.D. 200 (I think) which is still quite strong. Cars travel beneath it. Lincoln also possesses a magnificent cathedral which sits on a hill. With lights focused on it at night, it is seen for miles. This cathedral was built in 1100. The Lincoln Castle was built by William the Conqueror in 1068.

We crossed the Humber Bridge, the longest span in the world. I was most impressed with Sherwood Forest. Robin Hood's habitat is mostly gone. But what is left is what I imagined in my mind as a child. Huge oaks, most of which are far beyond their prime. A few pines and beech too. Prior to the age of ship

building, England had vast forests. Oak was plentiful. If the forests looked at all like Sherwood Forest, it must have been primevalish. Remember the Sheriff of Nottingham? Well, Nottingham now has a population of 217,000 people. It even has a Toys-R-Us.

We spent New Years Eve in London. But we took the subway back to the hotel at 10 P.M. Downtown was getting too rowdy for a family of six. Earlier in the day we visited the British Museum. It's huge. You could spend days in there. You could spend days trying to find the exit. I myself spent days trying to find the bathroom. Anyway, they had exhibits on Oriental and middle-eastern art. Great looking mummies! I tried to haul one out the door to bring back for the Gold Hill Historical Society. But remember, it takes days trying to find the exit. Besides the guards were a bit grouchy.

The kids' favorite part of the vacation was visiting a museum on medieval torture. Some of the methods could be very useful in the classroom (or beneath classroom), except they generally leave unsightly blemishes on the victims' skin.

Happy New Year,

Tom, Alice, David, Kenny, Rachel, Daniel.

NOTE: Tom Cushman is a past president of Gold Hill Historical Society and is currently spending a year as an exchange teacher in Bude, Cornwall, England.

MUSEUM PROGRESS

Although renovation of the museum had reached a point that we could open again to the public, we still have many tasks to accomplish. It's almost time to start on the yard work and landscaping. Darkroom plans and construction will be a major priority inside the building along with rewiring grounded plugs, and many other miscellaneous small items. Even though we have signed a contract with a painter to do the

outside, the weather has prevented him from doing very much. Hopefully, now that Spring is so close, we'll see some progress in many areas still needing attention. If you can help with any of the tasks, please contact one of the officers.

OFFICERS

President - Marge Martin
855-1559

Vice President - Clare Moore
855-1891

Secretary - Ted Wharton
773-4525

Treasurer - Lyn Parker
855-9059



MONTHLY MEETINGS

Regular monthly meetings are held the third Wednesday of each month at 7:00 P.M. in the museum, located at 504 First Avenue. Please join us for an evening of business and fellowship. Next three months:

Wednesday, March 16th, 7:00 P.M.

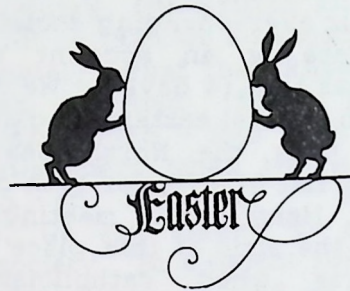
Wednesday, April 20th, 7:00 P.M.

Wednesday, May 18th, 7:00 P.M.

Happy St. Patrick's Day!!

Happy Easter!!

It's Spring, At Last!!!!



Gold Hill Historical Society
504 First Avenue
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